WESTWORDS

WESTWORDS

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Leaves and Sheaves

When Fall comes with its suggestion that leaves be raked up and sheaves gathered in, we find Mount writers once again proud of their harvest. This issue carries the work of five authors who have lately won honors: Georgina Foerst's story took first prize of $200 in the Cabrini contest, as well as national first, $50, from Today where it appeared in April. Judy Weber's article on Dr. Dooley won a Cabrini first, and her $200 has gone to help the doctor's work in Laos. Judy also received an Atlantic fifth. Betsy Fleming's "The Giant Killer," (Spring Westwords) won $50 from Cabrini; other poems of Betsy's are here. Lillian Money's Kappa Gamma Pi national first, "The Terrible Twosome," will appear later. She also won $50, third for article, and an honorable mention for a story from Cabrini. Her "The Election," is here. Sister Mediatrix on the book of Ruth received honors from Cabrini; her poem on Ruth is in this issue.

During the past year Westwords published Judy Krommer's "Pilate," which has just won third place out of 481 poems submitted by 85 colleges in the Atlantic contest. Julie Wilson's 1959 Atlantic merit paper on Crane, and her 1960 one on Undset have appeared this year. Maria Riedemann, whose story, "Last Night," appeared in the spring, has won honors from Atlantic with another story. Pat Reap Dern's "Doom in Marlowe's Symbols," Atlantic merit, was in the spring issue, and Maggie Roth's poem, "Summer," in the fall number.

Last year's winners who appeared in the 1959-60 Westwords are Martha Stoering, Peggy Cleary, Carlisle Van Horne, Linda Frye, Martha McCarthy, and Sharon Pringle whose "Merry Christmas, O Henry," will be in our next issue.

At the time of going to press, the Mount has received $500 in prizes during 1960, with seven authors being honored by Cabrini Guild, eight by Atlantic, a first prize from Kappa Gamma Pi, and first from Today.

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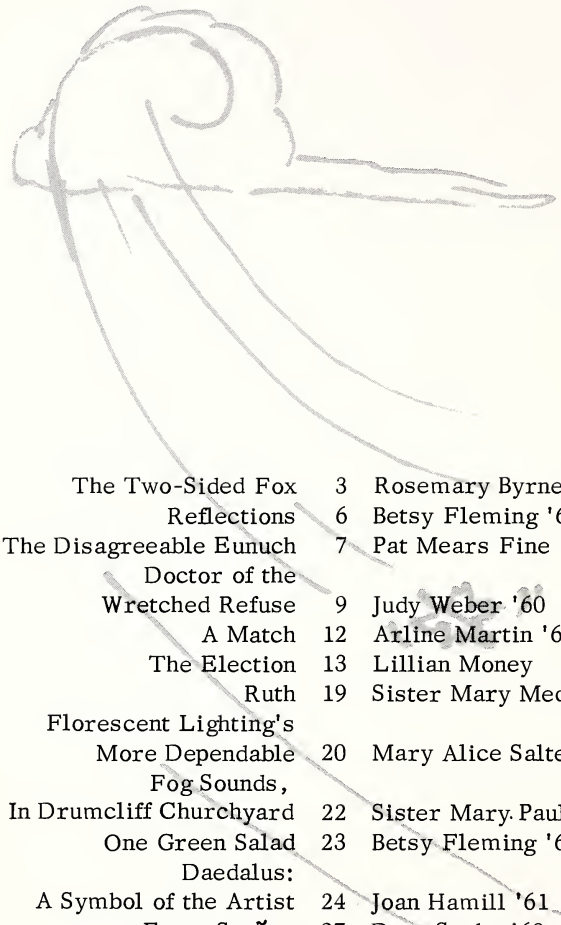

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Rosemary Byrnes '60

The Two-Sided Fox

A fox, says Webster, is a "wild animal of the dog family, sly and crafty, smaller than a wolf." He is a fraudulent and ingenious animal. In Chaucer's "Nonnes Preestes Tale" we find a "colfox ful of sly iniquitee" who at first seems to follow this tradition of the fox as archmaster of deception. Chaucer, however, shows us not only this deceptive aspect of the fox, but also that part of him which is susceptible to his own type of deceit from others. Aesop, also, shows us these two sides of the fox, but does so in two different fables, whereas Chaucer is able to unify the two facets into one tale.

First, I shall show the fox as the deceiver or flatterer in Chaucer's Tale and note a comparison with the fox in Aesop's "The Fox and the Crow." Then I shall illustrate the reverse of the situation, when the fox is outsmarted by Chauntecleer and compare this situation with the one in the fable of Aesop, "The Cock and the Fox."

The first mention of the fox in the "Nonnes Preestes Tale" is when he is in the bed of cabbages waiting for an opportunity to seize Chauntecleer, the cock. Chauntecleer, seeing him, is startled and intends to flee, but the fox says:

> "Gentil sire, allas, where wol ye goon?
> Be ye afraid of me that am youre freend?
> Now certes, I were worse than a feend
> If I to you wolde harm or vilainye" (464-467, Donaldson ed.)

How truthfully the fox speaks when he says that he would be worse than a fiend if he would harm Chauntecleer, but that is exactly what he intends to do! He continues by saying:

> "I am nat come your conseil for t'espye,
> But trewely the cause of my cominge
> Was only for to herkne how that ye singe:
> For trewely, ye han as merye a stevene
> As any angel hath that is in hevene" (468-472)

He claims he has come only to hear the cock's voice, which is as merry as any angel's in heaven, in order to soothe the cock's fears. By his flattery and deception he is able to persuade Chauntecleer to

sing as his father did before him--with both eyes closed, on tiptoe, and with his neck stretched so that every man in the region might hear him. In his foolish pride:

This Chauntecleer stood hye upon his toos,
Strecching his nekke, and heeld his yen cloos,
And gan to crowe laude for the nones;
And daun Russel the fox sterte up atones,
And by the gargat hente Chauntecleer,
And on his bak toward the wode him beer (511-517)

So the fox has the cock by the throat and is carrying him to the woods. By flattery he has achieved his goal. Poor Chauntecleer has been tricked in much the same manner as is the crow in Aesop's fable, "The Fox and the Crow." In this fable a crow, having stolen a bit of flesh, is perched in a tree and holds it in her beak. But a fox seeing her, by a wily stratagem, gets the meat for himself.

"How handsome is the crow," he exclaims, "in the beauty of her shape and in the fairness of her complexion! Oh if her voice were only equal to her beauty, she would deservedly be considered the Queen of Birds!" The crow, anxious to refute the reflection cast upon her voice sets up a loud caw and drops the flesh. The fox quickly picks it up, and says to the crow: "My good Crow, your voice is right enough, but your wit is wanting."

In both stories the fox flatters the animals' voices in order to achieve his end. In the fable he gets his meat, and in the tale he gets his cock. Or does he? Let us return to Chaucer's Tale to discover the answer.

When the fox seizes Chauntecleer by the throat and starts to carry him toward the woods the hens in his chicken yard make such a cry that the widow to whom the chickens belong hears the noise and comes outside. She is in time to see the fox bearing Chauntecleer away on his back. She exclains, "out, harrow, and wailaway, ha, ha, the fox," and many men, women and animals join in to help her pursue the fox.

While the chase is taking place, in all his dread and fear, the cock thinks of an ingenious plan and he says to the fox:

"Sire, if I that were as ye,
Yet sholde I sayn, as wis God helpe me,
'Turneth ayain, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilence upon you falle!
Now am I come unto this woodes side,
Maugree your heed, the cock shal here abide.
I wol him ete, in faith, and that anoon'!

Previously we saw the cock singing with pride, which has unfortunate results for him, but now he is speaking with dread and fear. At this time "fortune turneth sodeinly" in his regard. He suggests to the fox that he turn again and call to the people making chase, and taunt them by saying that despite anything they can do he will eat the cock. The fox, falling prey to his own method of deceit, says, "In faith, it shal be doon." He, as Chauntecleer had previously done, opens his mouth when he should have kept it closed, for now Chauntecleer breaks loose and flies high into a tree. The deceiver has indeed been victim of his own brand of deceit.

Chauntecleer has at last acted wisely and conducted himself in the same way as the cock we see in Aesop's, "The Cock and the Fox." The cock in this fable is certain he is safely perched in the top of a tall tree and he crows so loudly that a fox who is at a great distance hears and thinks the cock would make a very good meal. The fox approaces the cock and says, "Why Cousin Cock how nice to see you! I wish you would come down so that I might better say How-do-you-do." The cock is wise and says he would love to come down and chat a while, but though he knows the fox would not think of hurting him, there are other animals who might grab him and eat him. The fox answers, "Oh, my dear, no. I guess you haven't heard the news. All the animals have agreed to make peace. They are not going to harm each other any more. They all agreed"

But while he is saying this, the cock cranes his neck as though he sees something very interesting in the distance. The curious fox asks, "Cousin, what do you see off there that seems so exciting?" The cock calmly answers that it is merely a pack of hounds coming their way very rapidly.

"Excuse me," says the fox, "but I must be going." and he starts to hasten away.

"Oh, don't hurry off," says the cock, smiling slyly, "I was just coming down. Surely you aren't going to leave because of those Dogs, are you, now that we have the new peace plan?

In both Chaucer's Tale and Aesop's fable, the fox has been deprived of his meal, and both times it has been due to the cock using the fox's own method of deception.

What Aesop tells us of the fox in two fables, Chaucer integrates into one tale, for we first saw the fox as the traditional archmaster of deception, arrogantly trying to outwit the cock. But, we then saw "fortune turneth sodeinly" and he fell prey to his own method of cunning, and be became the deceiver deceived.

The Disagreeable Eunuch

It were as much as my life is worth if (the king) saw you haggard-cheeked...

Hereupon Daniel said: For ten days, give us nothing but pulse to eat water to drink, then compare our looks with those who have fed on the king's bounty...
(Daniel 1:10-13 passim.)

The food is good and highly spiced,
The meat well roasted, drinks well iced,
And yet you will not take a bite.
What's happened to your appetite?

Perhaps you're on a diet, yet?
Or hunger striking now to get
The sympathy of Ninivites
That just abhor the Israelites.

Besides yourselves, consider me.
If you die, mine's a heavy fee.
My head and shoulders--now together--
The sword or axe will shortly sever.

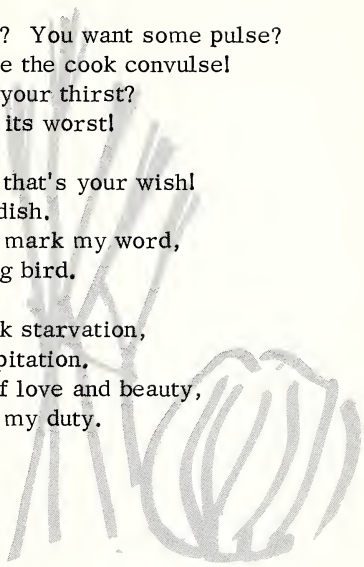
I like my head just where it is.
So come on boys, get down to biz.
Let's put some roses in your cheek.
You'll gain ten pounds within the week.

Just a smidgeon of the steak;
I'll guarantee the honey cake.
Have some duck, and pheasant too--
The wine is red, the cheese is blue.

What's this you say? You want some pulse?
Your wish will make the cook convulse!
And only water for your thirst?
This is madness at its worst!

Well, pulse it shall be, that's your wish!
It is a most distasteful dish.
You're eating less, you mark my word,
Than any self-respecting bird.

You will die of stark starvation,
And I of quick decapitation.
You die for a God of love and beauty,
And I for failure in my duty.



Pat Mears Fine '59

Reflections

I wonder why
poets try
to write
of stars, of night;
those joys that candle-light your heart
they can't impart--
they can't explain
the sun and rain!
And who could ever hope to say
how love can tear your breath away?
They can't describe,
they can't express
the thing that man calls loveliness!

Betsy Fleming '61

Judy Weber '60

Doctor of the Wretched Refuse: Thomas A. Dooley, M.D.

...Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me...

Once upon a time, more now than long ago, lives a man in a faraway land. The man is young, young as the crucified Christ. The land is not his, but he calls the inhabitants "my people." The people are strange, with their slanted eyes. The masses are huddled, wretched, teeming; the people are gentle, compassionate, yearning. The man has seen the masses; he knows the people. The man is a doctor who has walked the edge of tomorrow to deliver his people from the evil of ignorance, disease, and fear: Thomas A. Dooley, M.D.

The Statue of Liberty, symbol of American freedom, beckons and welcomes those who draw near to her. Yet, like woman, she holds her love until she is asked to give and share. The American Dr. Dooley, like a man who can offer, has taken his love out to those needing to receive it. Dr. Dooley has taken his skills from the land of opportunity to those "who ain't got it so good."

The people in his valley, proud and ignorant, cannot ask for help. Their experience with outsiders knows only the treachery and exploitation of hands with hooks. When gentle fingers heal an oozing burn on a child's back; when listening eyes refute hideous rumors --then can the tempest-tost unfold from their cocoon of fear and suspicion to the light of trust and friendship.

Dr. Dooley brings Liberty's torch of love and truth with his medical bag to his patients in the jungle. His medicine and technical knowledge come to Twentieth Century people who do not live according to the Twentieth Century--they live in a time more now than long ago. America's scientific advantages have brought her and her citizens far into the present: to the edge of tomorrow. Dr.

Dooley's patients live close to the past, surrounded by the present, but untouched by the world's adventures into the future. As Dr. Dooley himself has said many times: "Americans in the capital said that I practiced 19th-century medicine. They are correct, I did practice 19th-century medicine, and this was just fine. Upon my departure our indigenous personnel would practice 18th-century medicine. Good, this is progress, since most of the villagers live in the 15th-century." But understanding and empathy transcend hours and encompass centuries: they exist in an ever-moving now.

As time is calculated, Thomas A. Dooley began his work in Asia only six years ago, as a lieutenant with the United States Navy Medical Corps in severed Vietnam. Lieutenant Dooley commanded "Operation Cockroach," the passage to freedom for 600,000 Asians fleeing Communist tyranny. In that pawned country, treating the refugees, he witnessed that, just as man's body responds to proper medication, his soul reacts to the treatment given it. When treated like masses of animal flesh, as the Communists had herded and hounded them, they cringed with fear and stinging wounds. Given the respect due to human beings, they manifested dignity in suffering and determination of purpose. The intense human suffering and inhuman atrocities, such as those he described in his first book, Deliver Us From Evil, kindled the spark of Dr. Dooley's desire to bring medical aid, without commitments of government or religion, to the people in the jungles of Asia.

When the time for evacuation of North Vietnam came to an end, Dr. Dooley returned to the United States with the hope of taking a medical team to Indo-China. In Washington, as Dr. Dooley reports in The Edge of Tomorrow: "I tried to explain my deep conviction that medical aid, offered on a people-to-people basis, could form lasting bonds of friendship between East and West. If this was true, we American doctors had a duty to perform. Since I had served in Southeast Asia and had seen the need, the duty for me as an individual was inescapable. Besides, I was young, unattached, free to go wherever I was needed." His sincerity convinced the Ambassador of Laos who granted Dr. Dooley permission to establish a hospital in the Royal Kingdom of Laos.

In this age of impersonalized big business, with its labyrinth of red tape, Dr. Dooley solicited medicines and equipment from American pharmaceutical companies and surgical supply houses. The response came in the form of traditional American generosity as they donated thousands of dollars worth of their products to Dr. Dooley's ideal.

Dr. Dooley "re-enlisted," for six months, three of his former medical corpsmen who had served with him in Vietnam to staff his hospital in Laos. None of the first three men nor their replace-

ments were over twenty-five years old. Two of them had been recent bridegrooms and the others were students.

With royalties from his first book and the donated equipment, the hospital was set up in the village of Vang Vieng, located 120 miles north of the Lao capital. The men converted a small dispensary into the "hospital." Living quarters for the men consisted of a typical Lao hut perched six feet above the ground on stout poles. One of the men, a Texan, insisted "that even the poorest white-trash back in Texas wouldn't live in such a place." "Maybe so," replied Dr. Dooley, "but, at least, no one could ever say that the men of Operation Laos lived apart from the natives in an air-conditioned 'American compound'."

The conditions that Dr. Dooley describes in his book and lectures are unimaginable to chrome-cluttered, ease-empty minds who have been sheltered from modern misery and Biblical diseases. Yet, the simplicity and empathy with which Dr. Dooley tells his story is overwhelming. "We have a little lad at the hospital named Gun Tar. He is a Kho Kho, from over the hills near north Burma. He was badly mauled by a tiger, and the flesh of his left leg hideously mangled. We repaired it, pumped in antibiotics, vitamins and proteins and he is laying down new tissue already. Though he will have some pretty horrible scars, I think he will regain 80% function. His hill dialect is the hardest of all. It sounds to us (and the Lao too) like a series of grunts and yelps. But Gun Tar speaks more with his eyes than with his mount. His eyes say grateful things."

After six months in Vang Vieng, Dr. Dooley and his men, according to plan, left the hospital and supplies in the hands of the natives they had trained and transferred their work to the village of Nam Tha, five miles from the Communist border. The steps followed a pattern similar to that in Vang Vieng, with weeks of monotony and strenuous effort and moments of rewarding accomplishments and fellowship. From this valley, Dr. Dooley writes: "There is an extra-ordinary amount of terrible exertion here, danger, some choking futility, and much loneliness. But there are also moments like this, when the chaos and sadness of the day melt into the peaceful silence of the night. My mind can embrace much in the clasp of memory. I remember that my teachers told me Humanity is God on Earth. I remember that a doctor's job is to cure sometimes, to relieve often, to comfort always."

In 1957, after turning his hospital over to the Laos government, Dr. Dooley returned to the United States to establish a program of international medical care. MEDICO, Medical International Cooperation Organization, was organized under the direction of Dr. Peter D. Comanduras in February, 1958, with Dr. Albert Schweitzer for

its honorary patron. MEDICO, a division of the International Rescue Committee, presently supports nine medical teams throughout the world.

At the completion of an extensive lecture tour and his second book, The Edge of Tomorrow, Dr. Dooley went back to Laos to start a third hospital, again close to the Communist border. "The China border, just over there, is a constant reminder of the ulcer of evil that gnaws at the whole free world. Although refugees cannot escape as freely now, those who come tell us of the soggy clomping sounds of communist materialism. The hated Communes are still in force. The basic unit of God's mankind, the family, has been torn into many pieces. Husbands live in one barracks, wives in another, children in another village, cared for by the oldsters. Though the southern tip of the Moung Sing Valley, where we live, can sometimes be a green Shangri-La, glorious in its natural beauty, the northern tip, in China, is a malignant shadowland, glorious in nothing. Filled with agony."

In 1959, Dr. Dooley was forced to enter the Naval Hospital at Bathesda, Maryland, for the removal of malignant cancer from his chest. The operation occurred during August, six months ago. Dr. Dooley is already back in Laos, performing surgeries on his own patients.

Dr. Dooley spent his period of convalescence and recovery on a tightly scheduled, fund-raising lecture tour throughout the United States. I was a member of a Los Angeles lecture audience that patiently waited forty-five minutes for his plane to land from Chicago. The auditorium was filled to capacity, filled with students, clergy, reporters, businessmen, housewives and grandparents who rose to give Thomas A. Dooley, M.D. a standing ovation at his arrival as well as his departure.

Dr. Dooley's dynamic power of presentation is captivating.

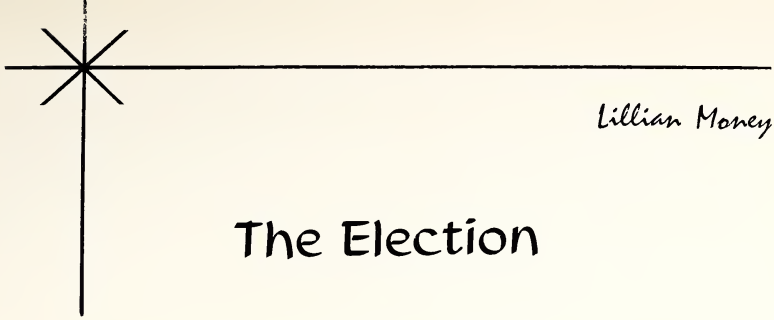
(Continued on page 18)

A Match

Arline Martin '61

Flick of forked fire
Licks land lean
Tall trees tip
Charred till clean.

Birds flit, fret;
Dear dodge doom.
What remains
Flames consume



Lillian Money

The Election

The Sophomore Class of Firview High School was meeting in Room G to elect class officers. It was 2:30 on Friday, and Room G had been put in order, as far as possible, for the week end. The only evidence of unfinished business was the list of nominees for class offices, which list Miss Marshall had reproduced on the front board in her militant, straight-up-and-down script.

From this list it was apparent that the meeting would be brief. Of the five offices to be filled, only one would involve a contest; the other four nominees were unopposed.

Anna-Lisa had come early to the room, having no class during the preceding period. She sat contemplating the neat list on the board and wishing that the election, which she had been anticipating, and dreading, alternately, all week, were over. For she was one of the two candidates nominated for the office of class treasurer.

The other candidate for the same office was Margaret Wallace.

Anna-Lisa wished she were one of the luckier candidates, like Ernest Cox, who had been nominated and assured of election in one swift motion. It was quite natural--almost inevitable, she thought --that Ernest should be class president and without opposition. In this tiny town where he had grown up, Ernest was the accepted leader of his contemporaries. Handsome, intelligent, athletic, he was well-equipped to lead.

The place of next importance was just as naturally offered to Ernest's girl, Helen Stevens, who was the sole nominee for the office of vice-president. And certainly no one could quarrel with the unanimous choice of Linda Adams for secretary. Meticulous to her finger tips, Linda would be the perfect record keeper. Obviously the almost non-existent duties of a sergeant-at-arms were perfectly suited to the bumbling capabilities of Ira Brooks. Nothing breakable was involved, and nobody else particularly wanted the job, anyway.

These were good choices, Anna-Lisa thought, and she was quite satisfied with them. What puzzled her was that the one office of class treasurer had been singled out for handling in a different way. There was nothing especially complicated about the job; she or Margaret, either one, could manage it without difficulty. Why, then, two nominees for that one job?

In any case, they had both been named and would now have to

submit to the balloting. Anna-Lisa thought back to the nominating meeting the previous Friday. When the office of treasurer had been announced, Margaret had been nominated by her twin brother, Freddie. Anna-Lisa had felt sure this would also be an unopposed choice, and she was idly speculating on the fact that Margaret and Freddie not only did not look like twins, but were so unlike each other as to rarely be taken for brother and sister, having only one shared feature in their identical, square-shaped mouths.

When Ernest Cox had stood up, Anna-Lisa thought he would simply move that the nominations be closed, so that she was quite unprepared for what he did say.

"I nominate Anna-Lisa Hendricks."

She had half-risen from her seat, to protest, but the sudden movement sent her notebook and pen clattering to the floor, and confused, she bent to retrieve them. Before she could collect either her belongings or her thoughts, someone had seconded her nomination, someone else had moved to close the nominations, there had been a chorus of "Ayes", and it was over.

It still seemed incredible to her that she should have been nominated, and if she had not heard it with her own ears she could never have been convinced that Ernest had done the nominating. She was new to the school, she had not made friends with any of her classmates, and of them all, Ernest Cox was the one student she had antagonized the most, the one student who liked her the least.

Anna-Lisa doubted that Ernest's claim to first place had ever been challenged in any field, until she came. She reflected wryly that she had certainly not been any threat to him where personal charm or athletic ability were concerned, but in the arena of their shared studies she had indeed not only challenged, but decisively beaten him.

In the beginning she hadn't known she was making an enemy of Ernest. She had done just what she had always done in school, which was to plunge headlong into her lessons, and respond to the utmost of her ability in class. She had had no way of knowing, then, how much farther she had been taken along the road to learning by the schools she had attended in Switzerland and France, England and India, than the sophomores of Firview High School. Looking back, she could see that what had been normal recitation for her had seemed, to them, brazen showing off.

For this, and for other things, they disliked her. Her age humiliated them, although she hardly understood how being two years younger than her classmates could be considered her fault. Her clothes were wrong. Among these American bright plaid skirts and soft sweaters, their short socks and light, flat shoes, her own European-bought navy blue serge jumpers looked drab and hot. Her

thick, ribbed, knee-length stockings and heavy-soled brogues were as conspicuous as soldiers' boots. Even her hair was wrong. Long blonde braids were childish beside the short fluffy hair styles of the other girls.

How odd it seemed that she, who had been so proudly, so staunchly American wherever in the world her father's work had required them to live, was here, in her own country, so thoroughly "foreign."

The room had been filling, gradually, with the other members of the class. They took their seats, and though they spoke politely enough, no one sat beside Anna-Lisa. She felt snubbed, and more confused than ever. If they didn't even want to sit beside her, how could she possibly expect to be elected class treasurer?

Yet somehow she felt she would be elected. She knew that this confidence came from the fact that Ernest had sponsored her. In this class Ernest's word was almost law. It was inconceivable that the candidate he had chosen should be defeated. On the other hand, she had always thought Ernest and Freddie Wallace good friends. So why would he nominate someone to oppose Margaret, Freddie's own twin?

It was a puzzle.

In any case, they would soon know the result. Miss Marshall had come into the room and taken her place at the big square desk that sat in the middle at the front of the room. Miss Marshall could not abide clutter, and her desk was as neatly tailored as her suits. As their class advisor, she opened the meeting, and Ernest's election was quickly confirmed. He took charge, and very rapidly they went through the formality of casting unanimous ballots for the other unopposed candidates.

And then it was time for the only real contest of the election. The class seemed to come to attention; there was a stiffening, a tenseness in the air. Anna-Lisa looked at Ernest. His dark grey eyes seemed to be intent on something far in the back of the room, yet some sensitive response inside her told Anna-Lisa that he was really looking at her. She shifted her eyes to Miss Marshall's face, and found the teacher's intent brown gaze full on her. For a long instant, it seemed as if Miss Marshall was trying, with her eyes, to convey some kind of message to Anna-Lisa. Then she signed, and turned to the board.

Ernest was talking.

"We have a rule, as most of you know, that when there are two or more candidates for an office, each candidate is required to cast his vote for himself, out of loyalty to his supporters. Ira, will you pass out the ballot slips? Linda and Helen, will you act as counters? Miss Marshall will keep the board tally."

It was all so quickly and so competently arranged. Ira clumped around, full of his newly elected importance, giving out the slips. Anna-Lisa stared down at the little blank piece of paper he put on her desk. A foolish trembling had begun in the calves of her legs. She picked up her pen with fingers that no longer seemed to belong to her. The skin of her face burned painfully, as if sunburned; her eyes were very hot, and when she swallowed it seemed the sound in her dry throat must be audible all over the room.

What was it she was supposed to do? Oh, yes. Write down her name. She picked up her pen. And suddenly, from somewhere deep inside, a wave of recklessness swept upward. She lowered the pen to the paper and wrote rapidly, carelessly. It was over. She had voted. She folded the paper and dropped it into the box Ira was now passing around. She watched him put the box down on the desk in front of Ernest.

Miss Marshall had picked up a piece of chalk and was facing the board, her hand raised to mark down the tallies. Linda and Helen were stationed on either side of Ernest, bending over, to read the slips as he unfolded them.

Ernest picked up the first slip, unfolded it slowly.

"Oh, OPEN IT!" Anna-Lisa begged silently. She folded her hands tightly in her lap.

"One vote for Margaret Wallace."

Anna-Lisa's hands tightened their grasp on each other. Behind her there was a half-sigh, the release of someone's held-in breath. For the first time it occurred to her to wonder how Margaret might be weathering the strain. A tally mark appeared on the board beside Margaret's name. Ernest was opening another slip.

"One vote for Margaret Wallace."

Anna-Lisa drew a careful breath. The room seemed suddenly stifling; the smell of floor oil was very strong.

Again Ernest called our Margaret's name, and again.

Anna-Lisa felt despair sweep over her. She was going to lose. She must be going to lose. How could she ever have been fool enough to think she might win? What had Ernest been thinking of, to think she could be elected, even with his backing? She prayed now that there might be only a few marks, even one or two, beside her name, on that endless green expanse of board.

"One vote for Margaret Wallace."

Listening so intently to Ernest's voice, Anna-Lisa caught a new note, something different and puzzling. As he read the next slip, and the next, she concentrated very hard on that particular sound.

And then she knew what it was.

Triumph. The clear, ringing, trumpet sound of victory.

Now she knew why Ernest had nominated her. This was what

he had planned. This was how it was meant to be. What better way could he have found to humiliate her? He had known that no one would vote for her. Suddenly it occurred to her that all the others had joined with Ernest in arranging this situation for her. It must have been so--it must have been that they had all agreed to vote for Margaret, so that there would be beside her name just the one tally mark, her own vote.

Oh, why hadn't she withdrawn? What had she been thinking? She should have stood up and shouted, 'No! NO! and made them take her name off the list of nominees. She could have, if she had only thought fast enough. Silly, silly.....FOOL! How Ernest must be gloating.

The reading and tallying was going mercilessly on. Anna-Lisa no longer counted. She was giving all her strength to the effort not to cry.

There could be only one or two more votes to count now, and she was aware of the change in the tone of Ernest's voice. Was there a hint of worry in it?

She knew what he was looking for as he opened each of the few remaining slips.

"Go ahead, Ernest," she said grimly to herself. "Keep counting."

At last his voice stopped, all the tally marks were on the board. Anna-Lisa looked up and read the result:

Margaret Wallace 18
Anna-Lisa Hendricks 0

Ernest looked angry, and slightly confused. He turned the empty box upside down.

Anna-Lisa knew that she had defeated Ernest once again, defeated him by simply obeying a sudden, generous impulse. On her slip she had written "Margaret Wallace." And in doing so she had spoiled Ernest's plan. And she had not even known there was a plan.

In the sudden silence Miss Marshall laughed. A short, hard laugh that was more anger than amusement. She was looking directly at Ernest.

The laugh was followed by another sound. Over the leaden pounding of her heart, Anna-Lisa heard Margaret Wallace begin to sob. She heard Margaret get up and run from the room, saw the knuckles pressed tight against Margaret's distorted mouth.

The others left, too. They seemed suddenly in a great hurry to go.

Anna-Lisa was alone with Miss Marshall. The teacher began to erase the election results from the board, her arm moving in long, almost violent strokes.

Anna-Lisa got up and walked slowly toward the door. It was a relief to be moving.

Behind her in the room Miss Marshall was speaking.

"I'm going your way, Anna-Lisa. If you'll wait a moment, I'll walk with you." Anna-Lisa did not answer, and she did not stop. She might as well go on alone.

(Continued from page 12)

Telling the story of the people in "my valley," his voice carried a trace of the melodious Oriental language. To express thanks or when pausing to think, Dr. Dooley presses his hands, palms together, in the Christian gesture of prayer, the Oriental gesutre of humility. He builds the drama to the point of intensity, then mercifully breaks the emotional tension with an amusing episode or a tongue-in-cheek remark.

Easing the pressure of his suit from his shoulder and chest, Dr. Dooley explains the type of cancer for which he was operated. The result of the operation could best be told to the ladies, he remarks, by saying that beforehand he was "a 40C and I'm now a 28 AA." The success of the surgery can be determined only in time. Dr. Dooley says he is confident he will live to practice medicine and return to America "to beg, borrow, and steal" money and supplies for many years to come.

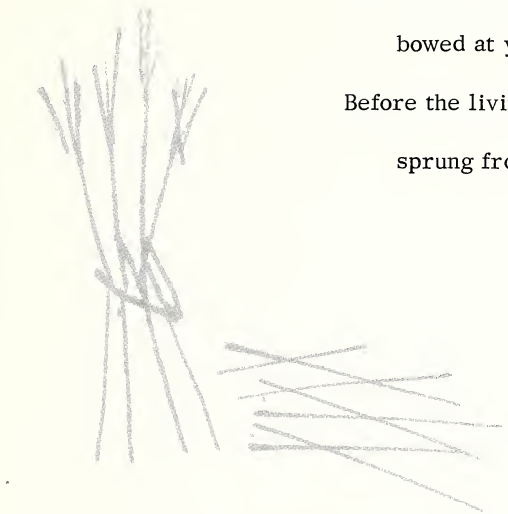
One of the most striking things about Dr. Dooley's attitude is his realization of the significance of his work. During the talk, he spoke directly to college students. He told us to find something bigger than ourselves in which to lose ourselves. "Someone has written to me and said that I must feel awfully limited in my work in Laos--limited by lack of transportation and communication, by custom and isolation." He wrote: "Give me a wider horizon. I wanted to show how vast the horizons of the spirit can be. And especially I wanted to show that we Americans possess an instrument not too well developed, more powerful than any bomb yet devised. It is the force that can relieve ugliness and tragedy. It is the force of gentleness."

The man is a doctor who has treated people from many nations and has found they all have lungs, livers, muscles, and hearts. They are all patterned after the same Image. The doctor is a man who can call the man of Laos "brother." He has seen the huddled, teeming wretched refuse tossed from Communist lands. He knows the truth of the words concerning the people of Nam Tha: "Ils vous Aiment bien. Yes, I believe they did love me too."

Thomas A. Dooley, M.D. is an American who has walked the edge of tomorrow to deliver his people from the evil of ignorance, disease, and fear.

Ruth

Fair fields of Moab
Waved you farewell;
Your harvest story
was for Israel:
Full fields of Bethlehem
bowed at your feet,
Before the living Bread
sprung from Moab wheat.



Sister Mary Mediatrix, S.H.F.

Fluorescent Lighting's More Dependable

(Rambling thoughts on Wasteland Poetry)

Poetry never began as a winter thing.
Think of the great epics
In which it rooted:
Glorious brave deeds,
Shining in the sun of spring;
Men that stirred the pulse
Like sap stretching in a tree,
Like the red joice growing
Inside a strawberry.
Consider the pastoral.
Lambs, shepherds, in fresh green field
Enamelled against summer blue sky
That held a few small puffy clouds
Like small audacious children who are
Overbrave, because wholly caught up
In their newness with life.
The Middle Ages had its roses, gardens,
The Renaissance its tiny birds and
Lush filled fields of flowers.

The quickening deeds of men,
The shepherd's views, the flowers of romances
Wove into patterns,
Interchanged as though in step to dance,
Whirled to every possible combination.

Kalaideoscopic.

Have we exhausted the combinations?

Byron and Arnold, biting their fear,
Moved to the sea.
The Sea is mostly an autumn thing,
Cool
Dark
Calming by engulfment.
But we, we have moved from the autumn sea
Into winter.

Is it because mankind lives in
One
Huge city?
Is it because we have forgotten
What it is to walk outside the walls
To go Maying,
Feet on fresh-smell sod
And eyes on daisy clouds?
Is it because the walls have moved in,
Grown impossibly high,
Surrounding us,
Until they look like hills
Of Arctic,
Everlasting, ice?
Is it because we place our feet
Mile after mile
On dirty-snow concrete

My husband works in an office without windows.

Mary Alice Salter Ambrose '58

Sister Mary Paul, S.S.L.

Fog Sounds

Our hill becomes a half-world
Of pale, gray, dripping fog:
Sea-wind mutters low,
Unanswered;
Far-off traffic swishes
Somewhere in opaque depths
Of swirling clouds;
Groaning, lank eucalyptus trees
Search for the lost sky;
Always--the blue-jay calls.

In Drumcliff Churchyard

In Drumcliff Churchyard sweet summer rain
Dapples the grey stone on Yeats' quiet grave,
And taps upon the roadside trees
With gentle beat.
Green shadows flicker as the Sabbath peace
Is softly ruffled by a mild sea-breeze.
No towers, no thorn-trees, no gyres,
No wheeling swans in flight
Are in Drumcliff; but flickering shade,
And Sabbath peace,
And gentle beat
Of summer rain
On Yeats' quiet grave.

Betsy Fleming '61

One Green Salad

Fall, thought Marie, had arrived! That maple tree--all flaming--the crackling, crunching leaves beneath her feet. Everything glorious, beautiful--"O world I cannot hold thee close enough..." How did that go? Oh the joy--the wonder--funny, no one else would think it wonderful--but then no one else was fat.

Fat--that ugly, greasy word--the dateless week-ends--she had had one blind date once--the size 24 dresses, the "be kind to Marie, she's nice underneath, maybe it's glandular" glances--like she was different from everyone else--as if she were twisted, deformed.

But today six pounds of her was gone--she weighed less than she had in eight years. The merciless red arrow had shuddered to a stop at 180--of course no one in the office had noticed yet--but soon they would--she would send a photograph of herself, (the slender Marie) home to mom--she would be so surprised--shocked!

Dear fat mother--but why should she be slim--dad gone--she would love this birthday present--she glanced down at the large package under her arm--the five pounds of chocolate covered nuts, toffees, caramels--creamy bits of goodness--our favorite kinds--once mom and she had eaten a whole box in two hours. No more--tonight her menu was, let's see, one small green salad, one small helping of cottage cheese, one small apple--everything small--ugh--dieting wasn't any fun--sometimes she got so hungry that the pain in her stomach made her lightheaded--other times she almost forgot about it--but worst of all was the always-present emptiness.

That emptiness was why she had never been able to stick it out--she had lasted four days once--one the other times. This was different. She was stronger now--she would persevere no matter what. If she lost five pounds a week--by Christmas, she could buy a bright red sheath--and red spike heels--everyone would stare at her in admiration!

The post office was just across the street--it would be good to be rid of this thing. She stepped down from the curb--"Fatso watch out!" A beat-up convertible packed with teen-agers swerved in front of her. Six pimply faces stared mocking, laughing. "Look at that blubber--what a mama--wowee--what are your measurements, doll?" The catcalls followed them down the street.

Marie watched them--she turned and walked over to the bench by the bus stop. Carefully she began to open the box.

Joan Hamill '61

Daedalus: Symbol of the Artist

James Joyce's use, in A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man, of the name of the famed artificer from Greek Mythology is, we admit, a rather obvious symbol. However, the absence of this symbol from the book would leave a blank the extent of which is not at first recognized. Heroes of books are often given meaningful names. But seldom is this symbolism made to have as significant an effect on the hero himself as it has on Stephen Dedalus in A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man. By an analysis of the use of the name in the book I hope to show the extent of this effect. I will try to show, first of all, that an awareness of meaning attached to his name comes to Stephen gradually as he grows older, that the full implications are revealed to him only in a sudden epiphany, and finally that this epiphany has a profound influence on his subsequent life.

Epiphany, as a peculiarly Joycean term, needs to be explained. James Joyce has used the term in several senses. The sense in which we are employing it here is described in his Stephen Hero: "By an epiphany he meant a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phase of the mind itself."[1] In this description of epiphany, Joyce represents Stephen as seeking to discover in the light within his own soul the meaning of an object's self-disclosures, "as the gropings of a spiritual eye which seeks to adjust its vision to an exact focus. The moment the focus is reached the object is epiphanized."[2] Stephen has heard the name Dedalus spoken daily, but not until the moment of epiphany, when the focus is adjusted does he fully perceive its meaning and implications. Now, we may turn to the book itself and examine the circumstances which lead up to this epiphany.

Stephen's last name appears to be out of place at first in a book whose setting is Ireland. It is obviously not an Irish name. When one of his schoolmates at Clongowes first learns it, he demands rudely, "What kind of a name is that?" but, at that time, "Stephen

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[1] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, ed. by Theodore Spencer, (New York: New Direction, 1955), p. 211.

[2] William Noon, Joyce and Aquinas (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957), p. 62.

had not been able to answer."[3] Later, another fellow student tells him, "You have a queer name, Dedalus.... Your name is like Latin" (p. 23). Thus, the first link with classic mythology is suggested. Stephen was, no doubt, a little sensitive to the fact that his name was different from the others at the boarding school. It was still another reason to exclude him from the acceptance he wished for. But he was quick to defend his name. Brooding on the prefect of studies, Father Dolan, who had made him repeat the unfamiliar syllables of "Dedalus," he asks himself:

> Why could he not remember the name when he was told the first time... was it to make fun out of the name? The great men in the history had names like that and nobody made fun of them... It was his own name that he should have made fun of if he wanted to make fun. Dolan: it was like the name of a woman who washed clothes (p. 60).

He has by now established that his name has an historical value and that it is better than other names. It is not "common" like Dolan.

By the time Stepehn had finished Belvedere College, that is, by the time he was about sixteen or seventeen, he must have been thoroughly familiar with Greek and Latin mythology. The classics were heavily stressed in the Jesuit curriculum. The story of the old Greek artificer could not have escaped him. In fact, he himself probably had scanned the lines of Ovid's Metamorphoses which tell of Daedalus. The epigraph of Joyce's book is a short quotation from Ovid: "...et ignotas animum dimittit in artes."[4] We can imagine Stephen pondering the entire passage over and over again wondering if its meaning could in some way be related to himself:

> Meanwhile Daedalus, hating Crete and his long exile... was shut in by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by that way will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of nature.[5]

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[3]James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man (New York: The Modern Library, 1916), p. 3. Page references within the paper are to this edition.

[4]Ovid, Metamorphoses, tr. Frank Justus (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1916), VIII, 188. Joyce gives the incorrect line reference, 18.

[5]Ibid., VIII, 183-189.

The passage goes on to say that Daedalus fashioned a pair of wings from feather and wax and flew away from Crete. To these lines alone the greater part of the Daedalus symbolism in the book can be traced, as we shall soon see.

We have arrived, now, at the crucial moment of epiphany. Stephen Dedalus walking along the beach hears his name shouted across the surf by some friends in swimming. A feeling of exultation fills him:

> Now at the name of the fabulous artificer, he seemed to hear the noise of dim waves and to see a winged form flying above the waves and slowly climbing the air. What did it mean? Was it... a prophecy of the end he had been born to serve and had been following through the mists of childhood and boyhood, a symbol of the artist forging anew in his workshop out of the sluggish matter of the earth a new soaring impalpable imperishable being? (p. 196)

At last, Stephen has penetrated the secret of his name. The images of exile, creation of a new art, and flight have taken on meaning for him. It is at this moment of exultation that he makes the decision which will profoundly influence his life: he accepts the Daedalus symbol.

Just before this epiphany it had been suggested to Stephen that he had a vocation to the priesthood. Now he decides to become an artist (more specifically, a writer) instead of a priest. "This was the call of life to his soul... not the inhuman voice that had called him to the pale service of the altar" (p. 197). Later on, in a conversation with his friend Davin, Stephen says: "When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets" (p. 238). Stephen, feeling himself an exile in his own land, decides to follow the example of his namesake and leave Ireland, his family, and his religion which seem to him to be holding him back from his artistic desire to express himself freely. He purposes to "go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (p. 299).

Stephen has in mind a new conception of the art of writing. He has begun to realize that what goes on in the mind is more important than what happens externally, that "the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose" is more pleasing to him than "the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many-coloured and richly storied" (p. 194). In his desire to create through words

a consciousness in his race which has never before been created, Stephen is on the brink of daring experimentation. But he takes courage from the symbol of Daedalus, the creator of the wax wings. "He would create...as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable" (p. 197).

Stephen makes Daedalus his patron and A Portrait concludes with his prayer: "Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead" (p. 299). The effect of the symbol has not been an entirely good one. It is evidence that Stephen is a young man that he does not see the irony of his prayer. Flying is, after all, not always the solution to a situation. It is a perilous business especially for those who do not follow the rules. Daedalus could not help his own son, Icarus, when he flew too near the sun. Even this great artificer cannot stand Stephen "in good stead" on a wayward flight. Fleeing from Ireland will merely create for him a whole new set of problems.

In its meanings of flight and artistry, as we have seen, the Daedalus symbol influences the life of the young hero of A Portrait in such a way that it could not very easily have been left out of the book. The world of Stephen Dedalus is essentially one of disorder and confusion. The frame of the myth gives it order and meaning for him.

Entre Sueños

Entre sueños esa manana
he oido tu voz.
Me dijiste que me amas
y yo, que te amo.

Realidad - un instante en sueños
sencillo como tu voz;
lo que dijiste ese momento
se pone eternidad entre dos.

Dora Szabo '60

Georgina Foerst '61

The Sixpenny Gooseberry Crop

It was the strangest commercial transaction in the history of Curry. The gooseberries belonged to Father Jinks, but it was Father Marron who valued and sold them for sixpence and it wasn't until the death of old Sally Woods that O'Dare and McNeil could pay for them. And Father Jinks still doesn't know who bought or sold his gooseberries.

Not that Father Jinks would ever think of selling his gooseberries. His housekeeper Martha gathered them every year and made two kinds of jam--the usual gooseberry and a specialty known as apple-and-gooseberry. Father Jinks liked the gooseberry jam, but not the specialty. With all due respects to Martha, there is something ridiculous about a mixture of gooseberry and apple. Although Father Jinks ate it, he did so out of loyalty. Invariably the gooseberry jar went down quicker than the other one and Father Jinks would smile weakly, point to the dreaded apple-and-gooseberry jar, and say to Martha, "Like the Wedding Feast of Cana, I'm saving the good wine to the last."

The affair of the parish gooseberry crop started with two young buckos, O'Dare and McNeil, who had too much leisure and not enough sanctity. Not that anyone looks for sanctity in eight-year-old boys, but with these two specimens it would be hard indeed to find less likely material. They were a continual heart-scald to their Guardian Angels.

They were both altar boys, and in this never ending struggle between the Guardian Angels and the Prince of Darkness, the latter takes special pains with altar boys. There is more rejoicing in the nether regions over the downfall of one altar boy than there is in the complete ruin of an entire Sodom or with Gomorrah thrown in.

* * *

It was a warm summer evening, the sun had just set, and our two stalwarts were advancing up the road that led past the parish priest's house. Two notorious I.R.A. gunmen were on the loose: "Roarer" McNeil and "Rebel" O'Dare. Their jacket collars were up to look like trench coats. Their right hands bulged menacingly in their coat pockets. Between O'Flynn's lane and the rectory they

had shot their way out of three ambushes and between them had accounted for a battalion of Black and Tans. Their narrowed eyes pierced every bush and they walked stealthily, almost on tiptoes, in the approved gunman's crouch. As deadly a pair as you'd find in the length and breadth of Ireland.

It was then that Satan dropped the word gooseberry in the back of O'Dare's mind and set in motion a train of events that led to a jamless year for Father Jinks. O'Dare stopped, snapped off several shots at a fleeing Black and Tan, holstered his smoking Webley, and remarked to his comrade, "The P.P.'s gooseberries must be nearly ripe."

Insidious words, arousing forbidden visions. McNeil lobbed a last grenade and replied, "Ach man, I'm sure they're lovely!"

They walked over to the hedge and peered through at the priest's garden. There were rows of lettuce and carrots and string beans and, at one corner, three gooseberry bushes.

McNeil nudged O'Dare, "Do you see ever a berry at all on those bushes?" he asked anxiously.

"Hold your tongue man, they're fairly crawling with gooseberries." O'Dare shook his head wondering at the sight.

The devil gave a gentle push and McNeil edged closer. "Twould be a sin?" he asked, hoping for a quick denial.

"Aye, a mortal sin," O'Dare answered solemnly, and McNeil's face fell but brightened immediately as O'Dare added, "Twould do no harm to just look at them."

Which is an interesting example of the Old One's subtlety with altar boys. He never says, "Here, steal this!" It's always, "Take a little look, just touch it, put it in your pocket for a second." And before you know what's happened, the deed is done. Thus did Eve take the apple.

They crawled cautiously through the hedge and like two weasles flowed silently over the ground, past the lettuce and string beans, and wound up sitting under one of the gooseberry bushes.

"Boys-a-boys, did you ever see such gooseberries?" O'Dare asked, brushing his red hair back out of his eyes and squinting up at the big window of the rectory.

"They're the size of duck-eggs," McNeil answered. He reached up and carefully felt one between his fingers. That was all his Satanic Majesty needed. A tiny muscle in McNeil's arm involuntarily twitched, causing a slight contraction of the fingers. The gooseberry slid off the branch and nestled in the palm of his hand. He opened his fingers and showed the gooseberry to O'Dare. "It fell off," he said in an awed voice.

"Must have been ready to fall anways," O'Dare assured him.

McNeil, whose moral reasoning sometimes took astonishing

turns, dogmatized, "'Twould be a sin to throw it away." With that, he popped it into his mouth.

At that moment they were both struck by the happy thought that there might be other berries ready to fall. Rapidly their hands sneaked between the branches of the bush and quickly the "overripe" gooseberries plummeted. All pretense was gone now. The dam of virtue, so weak and so often-patched, gave way in a flood of gooseberries. The devil stood back and roared heartily, and two Guardian Angels folded their wings over their faces that they might not witness such depravity.

They were reveling in a gooseberry debauch. They ate all they could and when they could eat no more they filled their pockets. O'Dare squeezed an overripe one into McNeil's ear and McNeil retaliated by dropping a few squashed ones down the back of O'Dare's shirt. They even pelted each other with the hard green ones that were not yet ripe. Oh, the sins they committed! The Recording Angel wrote furiously for half an hour, and two Guardian Angels blanched at the thought of the report they would have to make. Thievery, gluttony, destruction of property, destruction of food, and even a possible case of sacrilege, the gooseberries being the property of the Church.

Guiltily they crawled out of the garden, leaving behind the three outraged bushes, silent witnesses to their baccanalian orgy. Each went home, and night came softly down from the hills and mercifully covered the rectory, the garden, and three crucified gooseberry bushes.

During the following week, the forces of evil waged a titanic struggle. Outwardly both boys bragged to each other about their exploit, but inwardly, in the secret caverns of their consciences, remorse was needling. In spite of their boldest fronts, their heartiest efforts, the gloom deepened as the week slid relentlessly by. Each knew of the awesome retribution that awaited them on Saturday, the monthly Saturday for the young boys to go to Confession. Confessing a theft was difficult enough, but O'Dare and McNeil had a startling glimpse of the stuff of which saints are made when they contemplated confessing the theft of gooseberries to the priest from whom they stole them. There are limits to the heroism even of altar boys.

On Saturday morning they met on the fair green. Never was such a listless day put in. The "Roarer" and the "Rebel" carried out no patriotic forays against the Black and Tans. No castles were stormed nor rivers forded. For a moment hope flared when they ran across a four-cornered dog fight, but they found no joy in it and turned away, their hearts heavy. Old Tom Maguire, the cobbler, offered to let them feed his pet rabbits and was astonished when

they refused--so astonished that he told his wife about it and old Tom never told his wife anything. Mrs. Maguire maintained they were coming down with the flu. How else could one explain the dragging walk, the apathetic eyes, the woeful, pain-lined faces? They even went to Quinn the blacksmith's and held out their hands to catch the flying sparks. A big one lit on O'Dare's arm, but absent was the usual, godlike feeling that he got from contemplating his own heroism, particularly when McNeil wouldn't even admire the size of the blister.

Early afternoon found them sitting on the courthouse steps, forlorn, their heads bowed with the awful enormity of their sins. Their futures never looked so black. O'Dare pointed out that they were liable to lose their positions as altar boys and that meant an end to the lovely shillings apiece they received at weddings and funerals. McNeil brutally reminded O'Dare that old Sally Woods was very bad and her hoped-for demise and subsequent shilling could be expected momentarily.

Master Doherty came chugging down the street in his old car and saw the two of them sitting on the steps. Something about them touched a chord in the master's heart. Taking a sudden notion, he stopped and shouted to them, "Boys, would you like to go into Tubacurry with me? I'll be back in about an hour."

O'Dare was about to refuse when he was seized by a sudden thought. He grabbed McNeil by the arm and hustled him into the back seat of the car.

McNeil looked across at O'Dare. The latter's ears were jobgling and his eyes were crossed. McNeil recognized the symptoms. His chief was thinking and when O'Dare thought it was a terrifying thing to behold. The eyes swiveled out and narrowed in, the lips curled back, and the teeth clenched. A quick, fierce paroxysm convulsed his features. Then the face settled and O'Dare looked at McNeil and smiled. There was so much peace, so much innocence in that smile that McNeil immediately felt a heavy weight lift from his heart. The problem was solved--McNeil could tell. Perhaps they were going to run away from home. You were nobody in Curry unless you ran away from home at least once, and it was high time he and O'Dare were thinking of it.

In ten minutes they were in Tubacurry, a little village about four miles from Curry. The master got out of the car, put his hand in his pocket, took out two pennies, and said to them, "Here's a penny apiece for some sweets. It's four o'clock now. Let you both be back here at five o'clock sharp, for I'll be ready to go back then"

They took the pennies and smiled at each other. Things were beginning to brighten. O'Dare flipped his penny in the air and deftly caught it behind his back.

"Listen, we can go to Confession here in Tubacurry," he said. "That way Father Jinks will never find out who stole his gooseberries."

McNeil shook his head in admiration. "You're a wonder. How did you ever think of it at all?"

O'Dare modestly brushed away the praise.

They crossed the square, opened the little gate, and entered the dim coolness of the church. They blessed themselves, went over to the confessional, knelt down, and thoroughly examined their consciences.

O'Dare braced himself and entered the confessional. Several minutes later he came out, but in his new-found state of grace he wouldn't deign to look at his black-souled comrade.

McNeil warily entered the empty stall. He knelt down in the dark and could hear the murmur of the priest's voice with a penitent at the other side. The voices stopped, the little door shot over and McNeil started, "Bless me Father, it's one month since my last confession."

Father Marron bent his head a little, the better to hear the weak voice that came whispering through the shutter. "Please Father, I stole some gooseberries.

The priest gave a start. The second case of gooseberry stealing in five minutes. At that rate within an hour there wouldn't be a gooseberry left in the county. The suspicion came to the priest that the two cases were linked and he asked, "How many of you were stealing gooseberries?"

"Only the two of us, Father," McNeil answered after a brief pause.

"And are you truly sorry now for stealing the poor man's gooseberries?"

"Ah, Father, sure I'm Terrrribly sorrrry," McNeil groaned. He always gave a little groan in the middle of terribly and sorry. He felt it added to the feeling of true repentance.

"And you'll never do it again?" the priest asked.

McNeil, carried away by his fervor, lost control of the situation and rashly promised. "I'll never eat another gooseberry as long as I live, Father." Truly there are no half-way measures when an altar boy repents.

The priest smiled. But still it wouldn't do to just absolve the sin without mentioning restitution. Repentance had sometimes to be reinforced with sacrifice. If they could steal with impunity, there wouldn't be an orchard safe within miles of them. He weighed the matter for a moment and then asked, "Do you get money at home at all?"

"Only twopence a week, Father," McNeil answered in a sus-

picious whisper.

The priest pondered the matter carefully. Sixpence apiece was too much. Threepence seemed more like the proper amount. "I want you to pay this poor man for his gooseberries," he said. "You and the other lad will have to pay him sixpence between the two of you. Do you hear me?"

McNeil had a mental image of himself and O'Dare standing in the big room of the rectory, offering Father Jinks sixpence for his gooseberries. "Ah, Father, sure the man we took them from will ruin us," he moaned effectively.

The moan went right through Father Marron. The priest settled back in his chair. Now here was a knotty point indeed. Was it necessary that the identity of the two boys be made known to the offended party? No telling what kind of a rage a gooseberryless man might fly into. It would be much better to have restitution effected through a third party--the Post Office, for example. He leaned forward on the chair, "Listen now, when the two of you have the sixpence saved, put it in an envelope and mail it to the man. Will you do that now?"

"Yes, Father."

"That's a good lad. Five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. Make a good Act of Contrition." The priest started the absolution and McNeil raced through the Act of Contrition. Now that his sin was confessed, he felt that he could pray for a week. He finished ahead of the priest and for good measure rattled off the Apostle's Creed. The priest ended the absolution and said, "God bless you now."

McNeil slid out of the confessional and floated over to the pew and knelt down beside O'Dare. Slowly and carefully he said his five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. In a sudden burst of piety, he added one apiece. When he had finished, they both got up and left the church and O'Dare, feeling very pious himself, blessed himself twice with holy water. McNeil, not to be outdone in sanctity, also blessed himself twice.

And thus it was that Satan was finally defeated in the gooseberry battle and two Guardian Angels could again hold up their heads. Shortly after old Sally Woods died, Father Jinks received a letter that contained a sixpence and short note that read, "For the gooseberries." Father Jinks, recognizing the forces of grace, smiled and put the sixpence in his pocket. He then offered a silent prayer of thanks for a whole year without apple-and-gooseberry jam.

To An Olive Plant

Thy children shall be as olive
sprouts around thy table (Ps. 127).

God made you; we helped him.
You are ours; you are not ours.
You share in our life:
Bread and groan and song of it.
You share in his:
Belief and trust and love.

You learn us,
Seeing and feeling.
You learn Him, though visible on earth no longer,
Listening, thinking, and loving.

You learn to love us
From self interest at first
(May I have another cup of milk, Mommy?")
Then through respect for our struggle to soar.
You learn to love Him
Again selfishly at first
("I fear the loss of heaven and the pains of hell")
But later, in explosion, finding the One Desirable wholeness

You learn to serve us
For it makes life easier and pleasanter.
And later, it pleases you to give yourself.
You learn to serve him
Because
Knowing Him
And loving Him
You can do no less.

Add your fruit to His harvest!
Add your song to the psalm of the universe!
Amen.

Mary Alice Salter Ambrose '58

Judy Cascales '61

The House Symbol In The Portrait of a Lady

Of Henry James' aims in writing The Portrait of a Lady a persistent and exacting demand was that of structure. In the preface to the New York edition, James discusses this element of structure. He tells us that the center of his story will be "the sense of a single character, the character and aspect of a particular engaging young woman." He further states that this would be "the single small cornerstone, --the conception of a certain young woman affronting her destiny," on which "the square and spacious house" of the novel's form was to be built. As Millett says in the Modern Library edition: James speaks of "erecting on such a plot of ground the neat and careful and proportioned pile of bricks that arches over it and that was thus to form, constructionally, a literary monument."

It seems natural that James, as a master of constructing novels, would use the symbol of a house in discussing the structure of his novel. It is even more natural that a man as concerned with form as James was would employ this symbol throughout his work. In this discussion of The Portrait of a Lady I analyze James' use of the house symbol as the foundation for the building of his novel and the way he makes this symbol reflect the personalities and natures of the different characters.

The Portrait of a Lady is the story of Isabel Archer, a beautiful, young American girl who is invited to accompany her rather eccentric Aunt Lydia to Europe. Upon the death of her uncle, Isabel receives a fortune. Her beauty, intelligence, and money combine to make Isabel's dream of absolute freedom a reality. However, this freedom becomes the cause of much unhappiness as she falls prey to Gilbert Osmond, and marries this "conniving fortune - hunter." Isabel realizes too late Osmond's true nature, but somehow finds the nobility and strength to embrace her fate.

When we first meet Isabel she is living in her grandmother's house in Albany. The description James gives us conjures up a peculiar image. We see an old house "a large square, double house, with a notice of sale in the windows of one of the lower apartments." James tells us that the house has two entrances, both exactly alike. One, however, is never used and, as a consequence, is boarded up.

These doors are again mentioned when he describes the "office," a room which Isabel used as a retreat as a child:

> The place owed much of its mysterious melancholy to the fact that it was properly entered from the second door of the house, the door that had been condemned, and that it was secured by bolts which a particularly slender little girl found impossible to slide. She knew that this silent, motionless portal opened into the street...But she had no wish to look out, for this would have interfered with her theory that there was a strange, unseen place on the other side--a place which became to the child's imagination, according to different moods, a region of delight or terror (p. 30).

James has in this description of the house in Albany given us a glimpse of Isabel's personality at that time. We see her as an imaginative child possessing a certain naivete. Her pastime is to sit in a secluded room dreaming about what could lie beyond the bolted door, yet content not to open it, for fear that she would be disillusioned.

We learn that the time spent in this house was a period "of which Isabel had the happiest memory." The house seems to symbolize a shelter from the common-place and daily reality. So far Isabel has been satisfied with her life and has had no desire to open the door. However, Isabel's aunt appears to disrupt Isabel's contentment by informing her that this house is less grand than she believes. In fact, she calls it "very bourgeois" in comparison with her house in Florence, which is an old palace. Upon hearing this remark, "Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother's house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say: 'I should like very much to go to Florence.'"

Isabel's first glimpse of the other side of the Atlantic is her Aunt's other home in England. Here, we are told, Aunt Lydia resides for a few months out of the year with her husband, Mr. Touchett, whom we find to be a charming old gentleman. However, this curious arrangement of Mrs. Touchett's living in her house in Florence most of the year, lets us know that this marriage is not what it should be.

Gardencourt, the residence in England turns out to be a delightful "old English country-house":

> It stood upon a low hill, about the river--the river being the Thames at some forty miles from London.

> A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and weather had played all sorts of pictorial tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented to the lawn its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers... Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. (pp. 2-3).

Isabel, in conversing with her cousin, Ralph, tells him that she finds Gardencourt very "romantic." But, she concludes, perhaps this is because she has "brought a good deal" of romance with her. In this case, she has certainly "brought it to the right place," Ralph quietly but firmly tells her, "To keep it out of harm, certainly; nothing will ever happen to it here, between my father and me."

Thus we see Isabel in a kind of Garden of Eden, which the name "Gardencourt" seems to imply. She is loved, secure, and protected. We wonder if she could ask for more. Her contentment, however, does not endure long. As James tells us: "She was too young, too impatient to live, to unacquainted with pain."

At this time, a handsome nobleman, Lord Warburton, becomes infatuated with Isabel. He wishes to marry and invites her to Lockleigh, his house, so that she might see it:

> When Lord Warburton showed her the house, after luncheon, it seemed to her a matter of course that it should be a noble picture. Within, it had been a good deal modernized--some of its best points had lost their purity; but as they saw it from the gardens, a stout grey pile, of the softest, deepest, most weather-fretted hue, rising from a broad, till moat, it affected the young visitor as a castle in a legend (p. 108).

Lockleigh reflects the character of its owner. We discover Lord Warburton to be a noble person with a warm heart and a deep love for Isabel. He and Lockleigh offer a life of security and peace. However, this life might also be one of monotony, as its name seems to imply. Therefore, as we soon learn: "...though she was lost in admiration of her opportunity she managed to move back into the deepest shade of it, even as some wild, caught creature in a vast cage. The 'splendid' security so offered her was <u>not</u> the greatest she could conceive (pp. 152-153)."

Isabel has now rejected two houses, Gardencourt and Lockleigh, and two ways of life which might have given her happiness and contentment. The sudden death of her uncle and the fortune he leaves her makes Isabel more persistent in her refusal. She is able now to venture forth to attempt to open the "other door," an attempt for which she has a passionate desire.

When we next see Isabel she is in Florence. Here she receives an invitation to visit the home of Gilbert Osmond, an American widower, whom we later learn to be a real Machiavellian villain. However, Isabel finds him witty, charming, and intelligent and soon she falls in love with him. The description which James gives us of Osmond's villa is a prophecy of the doom to come. We see a "rather blank-looking structure" whose "imposing front had a somewhat incommunicative character": "It was the mask, not the face of the house. It had heavy lids, but no eyes; the house in reality looked another way--looked off behind, into splendid openness and the range of afternoon light" (p. 325).

We are also told that the house sits high on a hill-top, and that "there was something grave and strong in the place; it looked somehow as if, once you were in, you would need an act of energy to get out."

Isabel doesn't learn until after she is married to Osmond and it is too late, how much his house did reflect his character. Osmond proves to be everything sinister that the description suggested. In his relationship with Isabel he becomes cold and aloof, reserving his charming side only for visitors. He is removed, and, like the house, sits on a hill-top and Isabel has no hope of reaching him. Now that she has entered his house, through her marriage vows, she cannot leave, thus literally is fulfilled the house's strange prophecy.

Osmond takes Isabel to Rome where they purchase a new house. From James' description of Palazzo Roccanera, we learn how Osmond has robbed Isabel of her happiness and freedom, and the type of life which she is leading is made clear to the reader: It was

> ...a kind of domestic fortress, a pile which bore a stern old Roman name, which smelt of historic deeds, of crime and craft and violence, which was mentioned in 'Murray' and visited by tourists who looked...disappointed and depressed (Part II, p. 100).

Throughout the novel we have seen, through James' use of the symbol of the house, how Isabel Archer leaves her childhood, represented by the house in Albany; rejects the security and happiness offered by Gardencourt and Lockleigh; ignores the warnings of the

villa in Florence; and enters the prison of Palazzo Roccanera. A different escape is offered by Casper Goodwood, a rejected suitor who is still very much in love with Isabel. While on a visit to Gardencourt, where her cousin, Ralph, is dying, Isabel is presented with Casper's plea for her to leave with him and become free once again. Isabel is tempted but hesitates only momentarily:

> She... darted from the spot. There were lights in the window of the house; they shone far across the lawn. In an extraordinarily short time--for the distance was considerable--she had moved through the darkness (for she saw nothing) and reached the door. Here only she paused. She looked all about her; she listened a little, then she put her hand on the latch. She had not known where to turn, but she knew now. There was a very straight path (Part II, p. 436).

In James' last use of the house symbol we find that she has indeed matured enough to accept her responsibility, and we realize that this willingness to embrace her fate will be her salvation.

Willow

Tree outside my window

stop whispering your

secrets to the

moth-white moon,

ghost-gray cloud,

tar-black night

and cry with me.

Betsy Fleming

Apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes

Little I ask, my wants are few;
I only want a shack of brick
With Danish modern through and through
And insulation somewhat thick
The Palisades have one or two:
Small play yards, with an ocean view.

I care not much for gold or land
Give me some lots in Woodland Hills
Some Tel and Tel, some Sperry-Rand
Twelve thousand net to pay my bills--
Enough insurance, when I die
To pay for Masses, Solemn High.

Jewels are baubles made for churls,
Categorized with excess funds--
One small tiara, made of pearls,
Emeralds, and diamonds
Will suit me, with, to call my own--
One ring, a flawless, blue-white stone.

I would not have the cars I own
So long that people stop and stare
One Jaguar roadster, red, alone--
One black sedan, austere and bare:
A Rolls, you know to take the jars,
For city jams wreck lesser cars.

Of pictures I would like a lot
Of inexpensive old Vermeers
A Mondrian or two for thought;
Murillo, neath the chandeliers
Of teak, over the mantleplace--
One showing the Madonna's face.

Thus humble let me live and die
Without the fatal Midas touch
In all, I do not think that I
Have asked for much--
I'm grateful for the blessing lent
By simple tastes and sweet content.

Mary Alice Salter Ambrose